

# MEASURE



THE CREATIVE ARTS PUBLICATION OF SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

2008-2009

# Measure 2008-2009 Edition

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ERIKA ROWSHAN

SUBMISSIONS EDITOR

MELISSA KLAHN

ART EDITOR

STEPHANIE SONDERMAN

READINGS COORDINATOR

JESSICA LAMPING

LAYOUT AND DESIGN

KAYLEE HOFMEISTER

FACULTY ADVISORS

APRIL TOADVINE AND MAIA HAWTHORNE

PRINTER

FRED FAULSTICH '60

OWNER OF FAULSTICH PRINTING COMPANY

SPECIAL THANKS TO

BONNIE ZIMMER, STUDENT ASSOCIATION

PUBLISHER

DR. ERNEST R. MILLS, III

COVER ART

EMILY FERNANDEZ



A MOMENT IN MOTHER'S KITCHEN, JENNIFER RUFF.....	4
READING A BOOK, JESSICA LAMPING.....	5
SUPPORTIVE, KATIE VANDERKOLK.....	6
VAMPIRE, CHRISTINA HEATH.....	7
THE TRAGIC LOVE, JENNIFER RUFF.....	10
RUE LOUBON, ELYSSE HILLYER.....	11
THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT A TIRE IRON, DANIELLE MARSHALL.....	12
A SATURDAY IN MOTHER'S KITCHEN, JESSICA LAMPING.....	15
HELLO, KRISTEN GORSKI.....	16
ROBOT, MONICA KATICH.....	18
HOME ON THE FARM, SHANNON RENEE WILLIAMS.....	19
HEROES, DANIELLE MARSHALL.....	20
CONTROL, MELISSA KLAHN.....	21
FIVE CENTS FOR LIBERATION, DAN ZIMMER.....	23
GRANDMOTHER'S TEA, ANONYMOUS.....	26
I LOVE ROCK' N' ROLL, KAYLEE HOFMEISTER.....	27
RED PENS, ELIZABETH GRAY.....	28
UNTITLED, RYAN PRESTON.....	29
SCALE AND PROPORTION, TOPAZ PETTIGREW.....	30
WHEN JD CAME TO TOWN, CARLA LUZADDER.....	31
LOST STAR, CHRISTINA HEATH.....	33
MARIA, CHRISTINA WALTER.....	36
MATT, MORGAN MYERS.....	37
HOW TO BECOME A LESBIAN, MARIJA KASLEY.....	38
BELLE NOTTE, KAYLEE HOFMEISTER.....	40
MOM'S KITCHEN, AMBER SUDING.....	41



MARY MARGARET AND FELICITY, RYAN PELSY.....	44
THE PEOPLE YOU MEET WHILE DRIVING, CHRISTINA HEATH.....	45
CLAY BEAD NECKLACE, AMBER SUDING.....	47
SEDUCED BY DESSERT, JENNIFER RUFF.....	48
IN A WORLD OF MAKE BELIEVE, MELISSA KLAHN.....	49
MY EVIL ENEMY, JENNIFER RUFF.....	50
SPACE INVADERZ, ANDREW DUDICH.....	51
DIEGO, SAM SCHOENHAAR.....	52
HELLO HAWAII, ERIKA ROWSHAN.....	53
HARVEST DANCE, BONNIE ZIMMER.....	54
TRANSCENDENCE, STEPHANIE SONDERMAN.....	55
REMNANTS OF AN OLD BRIDGE, LISA SUDING.....	56
ROBIN'S EGG EXAGGERATED, BRITTANY COOPER.....	57
MALE TORSO, MICHAEL CROWTHERS.....	58
WHAT A GOOD MAN LEAVES BEHIND, KATHLEEN GRADY.....	59
WHEN IT ALL COMES TOGETHER, RYAN PRESTON, JESSIE MCBROOM, LISA SUDDING.....	60
VERMONT, ANDREW DUDICH.....	61
WILLIAM TELL, DANIELLE MARSHALL.....	62
BURNING MEMORIES, DANIELLE MARSHALL.....	63
COSMIC BLOSSOM, JESSIE MCBROOM.....	65
SPLIT PERSONALITY, MATT HARMON.....	66
FOUR VIEWS OF GUITARS, MARTINA MANNS.....	67
SLOW DANCING, ELYSSE HILLYER.....	68
SUFFERING FOR THE ONE YOU LOVE, MELISSA KLAHN.....	70
CAMOUFLAGE, SHANNON RENEE WILLIAMS.....	71





# A Moment in Mother's Kitchen

JENNIFER RUFF

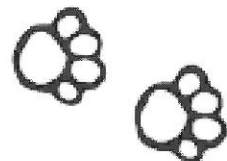
It was oddly still in mother's kitchen.  
The baby was content in her walker,  
and mother needed a break.  
She rushed into the bathroom  
to compose herself.  
It was then that she heard it,  
the sound that made her cringe.  
the sound of shattering china!  
She sprinted into the once quiet kitchen,  
where her baby girl was killing her precious dishes.  
She cringed as her valued porcelain  
crashed to its death on the tiled ground.  
She wanted to yell, but was then taken by the child,  
her little "accident" that became exactly what the family needed  
She looked particularly adorable today  
in the green one piece that mother had purchased only days before.  
She couldn't yell at her!  
For her little girl was clueless of her wrong doings  
Scolding would only make the her cry.  
She couldn't bear to see her cry,  
each tear that hit the ground would be like a knife in her heart.  
"It could have been worse" she thought.  
"She could have pulled a dish on herself,  
or placed her tiny fingers on the hot oven only feet away.  
At least she's safe.  
At least she's happy.  
At least she's mine!"



# Reading a Book

JESSICA LAMPING

Reading a book should be as simple as  
Sitting down,  
And opening the book.  
But it's not.  
In order to read a book I have to  
Take off my shoes and get comfortable,  
Pick out the book I want to read  
Get a drink and maybe some cookies  
That way I won't have to move once I'm comfortable.  
Make my bed cozy by moving the pillows around,  
Grab a blanket in case I get cold,  
Put my food and blanket to the right  
And my cell phone (on vibrate) to the left,  
Lounge in the middle of my bed with the book on my lap.  
From there, I might start reading.



# Supportive

KATIE VANDERKOLK  
GRAPHITE ON PAPER



# Vampire

CHRISTINA HEATH

He stood 6'1" with his brown shaggy hair falling about, with some covering his left eye slightly. His eyes were what captured her soul. He called out to her with a silent look, impossible to ignore. Deep brown with blue specks that captured every light to sparkle, they took hold of her essence. His complexion was bronze compared to her milky whiteness. He had broad shoulders with muscles that ripped from beneath the serenity of his smooth skin. When she saw him standing in the bright streetlight, she thought of an ancient worshiper to the god's and she could be his goddess. Soon, she would be.

He did not see her at first while she stood in the shadows with the streetlights only touching her a little. Once he did see her, he waited to see where she was going and what she would do. There was enough light to show the raven black hair reaching to the middle of her back. Her hair blew in a slight cool breeze that came off the ocean. As she stepped out, he could tell she was thin and ghastly pale. His breath caught at her unusual beauty, the way she moved and the intensity of her presence. Now seeing her, he felt lust for her burn through his stomach.

She stepped closer to him, seemingly shy; though she planned each move before his body had registered it or his eyes could see her movement. Another step taken gracefully. Her body was tense with anticipation, each sense getting ready for the wonderful shock that was about to come. Her mouth watered at the thought of touching him. That was all she wanted right then, to touch him, but it would never fulfill her need. She had to have him, all the way, and there was no way to stop her own nature. He was paralyzed by something in her eyes unknown, he stood not moving, unafraid as she walked close enough to touch him. His lust hummed at him, bottom to top. He anticipated what would happen next even more. She smiled at him childishly.

Then everything changed. She stepped close enough to put her arms around him. She leaned in closer than necessary; just for the sheer pleasure of the anticipation. He could smell her musk and it intoxicated him, making him squeeze his eyes to enjoy it completely. She hugged him passionately, as if she was his friend or his lover. Her head rested in the crook of his shoulder and then she went for the bite.

The head rush came. She welcomed it, easily letting it run through her whole body in convulsions. She felt the heat of his blood fill her mouth with that familiar silvery taste. Her teeth pierced into him, and she found the blood to be very engaging. It was like catching heaven and holding it there until the last possible moment. The victim had struggled soon after a short fight for life that only lasted a few seconds. It was funny to her how much people would fight to save the lives which they spent abusing. She was disappointed at the actions of her delight. She thought he would put up a fight to resist losing everything. She was ruthless because of the beauty he held.





She did not ask him what he wanted, or if she could take him. Her urge was to rape him of life, and make him hers.

The pain shot through him like stabbing knives. The venom of her bite was the most painful thing he had ever felt. The venom started to pulse through his whole body as his heart pumped it out more each second. His pulse began to slow, and eventually his heart forgot how to pump while the venom ran wild. It would take days for the full transformation because of the stopping of the heart. Death was more painful when you were awake. She drained him until she could see he was battling with consciousness. Taking her nail, she slit her wrist, and held it up to his mouth. He looked at her not knowing what to do with her strange offering. He was in too much pain to realize what would come next. All around him, death was closing in.

"Drink," she advised holding her wrist at an angle to let the blood drip in his mouth. She wanted the venom to run through him quicker. Patience could wait, for now she only wanted him.

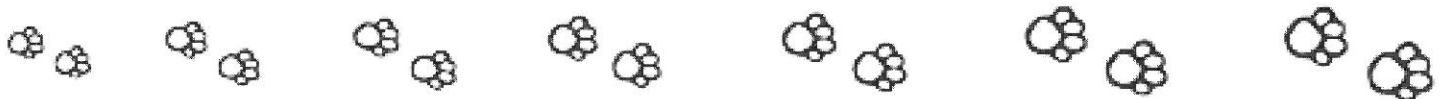
He did as told out of fear, confusion, and lust. He could see the deep blue of her eyes pulsing with intimacy and empathy, for she knew the pain he was feeling, but didn't care to stop it. It would be over soon, and he would lead a new life.

Should she feel regret for taking someone's life that she did not own? She was putting this man in pain for her own pleasure. Yet, hasn't man done that to each other for centuries? How was she in the wrong for practicing something this man did, even though her kind did not believe in it?

She lifted her victim and ran with him to a safe place for transformation. He did not notice how quickly the trees and streets went by as she ran. He did not notice anything but the pain. He wished he would die, or at least go unconscious until it was all over. No one noticed her pass because in her speed, she was like a gentle breeze. She did not make an impression on anyone. All she noticed were the beautiful colors mixing and passing in a blur. The wind that she created made her hair flow back in black flames streaking the colored blurs.

Slowing her pace, she saw the tunnel that lead to her world. A passer by would not notice the small, dark hole in the side of a hill that lead to the place that would cause many God fearing people to wonder if it were hell itself. It was well hidden in the country's hillside, close enough to the city for hunting, but far enough away from the city that most people did not venture out this far to stumble onto it. In that case, people would rush by and keep their eyes straight head. In the night, it looked like a shadow barely there, little more than a trick of the eye.

Only she and others of her kind could see through this darkness because her eyes were 10 times more powerful than a human's. She did not need to look around to find where to go. This place was embedded in her heart and etched in her mind's eye permanently; every turn, light, room, and vampire she would find was locked safely in her mind. The mortal gave up trying to look around and finally closed his eyes but he could sense the feeling of calm and collection in the air around him. The easy darkness of the place comforted him. They walked a while, him in her arms and she wasting time. They had all the time in the world, so why be hasty? This was a new home to him and a life for her. This was her birthplace and where she would always come back to in the end. The next thing he could remember was being laid down on something wonderfully soft. A light went on and he fell asleep.



Over the next few days, people came and went, looking at this addition to the family. There were rumors, approvals, and grumbles alike. He never moved as she watched him through the longest hours of night. She sat there with a patience which was vital when there was only eternity. She greeted all who wandered in with a look in her eye and stories of the empowerment.

The morning of the fourth day he finally moved. He flowed like silk when he moved. "Where am I?" his voice also sounded silken. He kept his eyes closed for fear of the truth and the nightmares. The physical pain was not there though and he felt rested and ready for what might come next. The transformation was done and it was time to begin training.

"You are home," she spoke back.

He turned his eyes to look at her and found that she was the most beautiful thing in the world. His eyes glowed red, fierce from hunger. A smile played across his lips, he was reborn and had left everything behind and he did not care to know that he was now a part of her world. He was now a vampire.



# The Tragic Love

JENNIFER RUFF

“Yes” she exclaims.  
She couldn’t be happier,  
to spend her life with him.  
He brings her such joy  
and has never let her down.  
Others have tried to separate them  
but she knows they were meant to be.

He’s sort of an outlaw,  
a bad boy,  
and that fuels her attraction.  
In fact, he’s banned from almost everywhere,  
so they must be private with their feelings.

Many girls would give up  
under the pressure he gives her.  
Yet this pressure only excites her.

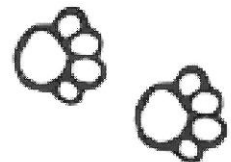
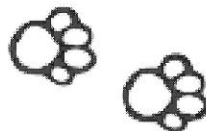
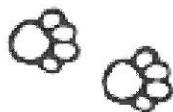
People tell her that there will come a day  
when her love for him will kill her.  
Doctors tell her that she could die  
if she sees him one more time.  
This again only ignites her passion.

She decides to take the risk,  
to risk her life for their love.  
She sneaks into a desolate alley,  
and uses him,  
Her lover,  
The needle,  
one last time.



# Rue Loubon

ELYSSE HILLYER  
PHOTOGRAPHY





# Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Tire Iron

DANIELLE MARSHALL

## I

X marks the spot,  
Of the iron and tin jungle.  
Rubber and asphalt,  
Pave the way,  
Beneath the tire iron.

## II

Waved frantically in the air,  
Fighting off the demons,  
Of heretics,  
The monk's cross of a tire iron,  
Reminds the car vandals and boosters,  
To stay away from Uncle Jack.

## III

The glint of the tire iron,  
Caught the eyes,  
Of the guilty man.  
Taunting and reminding him,  
Of her bloody face.

## IV

A shiny ballet,  
Of tire iron batons,  
That can't possibly lie,  
About what they do.



V

Give me a good reason,  
Why I shouldn't shove this tire iron,  
Up your lying ass.

VI

Sky fading from deep reds and orange,  
To a purple-pink hue of dusk.  
Abandoned on the side of a road,  
With only a tire iron as a savior.

VII

How is this cross shape,  
Of a tire iron,  
Supposed to get the job done?

VIII

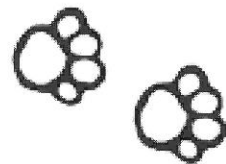
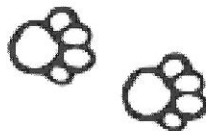
Fly through the air,  
Boomerang of my junkyard childhood,  
And return to me again,  
As a tire iron for the shop.

IX

Shiny metal,  
With a strange way to grip,  
This tire iron in my hand,  
Transfixes my mind,  
In a state of awe,  
And confusion.  
Someone show me how to use it.

X

For lack of the real thing,  
This tire iron will do.  
Drenched in Holy Water,



I'll ward away,  
The demons and voices.  
In my head.

XI

Father.  
Between two people,  
Whose only connection,  
Is in this moment,  
Of passing the tire iron.  
Daughter.

XII

Breathe deeply as you run,  
Grasping tightly to the baton,  
To save a stranded traveler,  
With a simple tire iron.

XIII

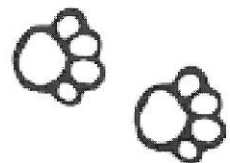
Placed firmly in the ground,  
This tire iron serves,  
As the grave marker,  
Of the cat that go too curious,  
Near the car.



# A Saturday In Mother's Kitchen

JESSICA LAMPING

Pacing on her red linoleum floor she stops to stir a pot and measure some flour.  
This mother of four knows how to multitask as she mixes and sifts,  
Trying to keep two young boys from destroying another room,  
And trying to keep two younger girls from destroying each other.  
She hears a shrill scream and turns to scold the cause of the sound,  
Knocking over her green measuring cups still full of flour.  
She throws her hands up in the air and ignores the yelling,  
Then heads to the cupboard for the broom and dustpan.  
Looking down at the floor she notices the cat.  
This small black cat named magic has brought her a present.  
The mother just shakes her head and yells for her husband to get rid of the dead mouse.  
He reaches the mouse just as a daughter enters the kitchen.  
The father laughs and the daughter screams for a bit longer than necessary.  
A typical Saturday afternoon in this mother's red linoleum kitchen.





# Hello

KRISTEN GORSKI

**Hello, how are you today?**

Oh, not so good.

**Why what's wrong?**

I don't want to talk about it.

**Well what do you want to do about it?**

I want to hide from "it"

**What's "it"**

I don't want to talk about it.

**Well what else do you want to do?**

Cry about "it"

**What "it"?**

I don't want to talk about it.

**Well what else do you want to do?**

I want...I want...I don't know.

**Yes you do.**

No I don't

**Well why don't you know?**

I'm confused.

**Why?**

Because I'm lost.

**From what?**

Stuff

**Like what?**

Leave me alone.

**I can't.**

Why not?

**Cause I just can't.**



But why?

**Because you are the one who called me.**

I did what?

**You called me for help.**

No.

**Yes.**

Go away.

**I wish I could but you need help so I'm here to help you.**

Nothing is wrong.

**Yes there is you said so before.**

Look, I just want to hide and cry from "it"

**What's "it"?**

Can't say.

**Well, even if you can't say remember I already know.**

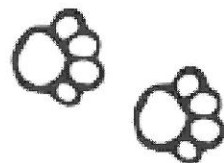
Are you the other part of me?

**Maybe, but your problems are in my hands, so instead of hiding or crying, tell "it" how you feel.**

But...

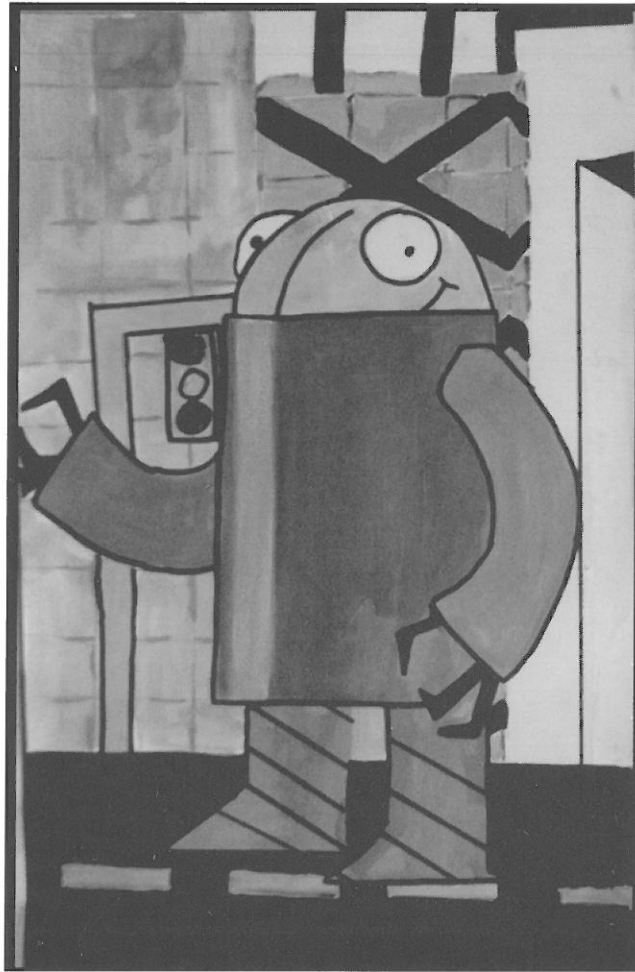
**No buts, I'm right here, just BELIEVE!**

I...Um...You There...Hello...



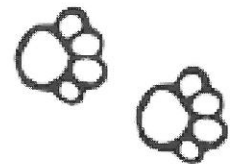
# Robot

MONICA KATICH  
PEN AND ACRYLIC ON PAPER



# Home on the Farm

SHANNON RENEE WILLIAMS  
PHOTOGRAPHY





# Heroes

DANIELLE MARSHALL

My energy has been wasted on the heroes of my past.  
I worked so hard, sweating and bleeding, to put them on pedestals  
Only to have the weatherworn figures collapse from their weight.  
Of all these once perfectly sculpted individuals  
Their faces, scarred with the truth, are ugly to me now.  
I barely remember the beauty I once saw in them:  
Chuck Norris sporting the cover of a cigar magazine makes me gag;  
I thought he was supposed to be a role model for kids.  
Emily Dickinson spouting poetry from her pen,  
But wasting away as a recluse in her home.  
No one ever tells you about how much of a bitch  
Helen Keller was as a child before she could sign.  
I am sure that Superman is really a prick,  
Flying around in a cape and looking through Lois Lane's skirt and underwear.  
No one ever tells you about all their flaws,  
And how much of an asshole Johnny Depp really is,  
With slams against his own native country;  
Or how much Oprah is a conniving monopolizing shrew;  
Or how the Pope is really just a fallible man.

Of all the heroes in my life,  
None of them have deserved this title.  
They are all bastards and bitches of the grandest scale,  
Or as normal and sane as you and I.  
They only live to disappoint their fans,  
Being a hermit, taking drugs, making porn, and being normal.  
So I will turn my back  
On the ruins of my past heroes,  
With cracked faces and broken dreams,  
I'm hoping someone else is doing the same.



# CONTROL

MELISSA KLAHN

The negotiations had been going on for nearly ten years between the humans and those who were not. The humans were weary of their children playing with a little girl who could create fire while working with shape shifters in their up town office buildings. Everyone understood why the humans were so nervous of the others. Some of the others were evil to their very dark cores, but weren't there humans who were just as evil? Most humans weren't even aware of the others who walked among them, making the government very nervous. The government had plans for the others. The president planned on enforcing a law to have all others branded to inform everyone who they were. The others thought it was terrible to be treated like cattle, while the humans all assumed that it was a good idea. A war was about to erupt between the two and the innocents were the ones who were bound to suffer.

Nastia Davis could feel a change in the air. It felt wrong to her, like everything was switching and turning around her and she had no control over how it would turn. This change in the air would not benefit anyone as far as she could tell and yet the change was what all were anxiously waiting for. She stretched her leans arms above her head, trying to shake the strange feeling out of her body as she continued her trek down the glowing city sidewalk. It was raining and hardly anyone save for a few people running last minute errands were on the streets. She didn't feel the rain, she rarely did anymore. Even when it soaked her curtain of black hair and her clothes, she still felt nothing. She shoved her hands inside of her coat pockets, trying to keep her fingers away from anything or anyone that was alive. She continued her walk at a slow pace until something in a tv store caught her eyes. The news was on as it was every night at that time, but the story was something she had feared would happen for quite some time.

"The government informed the public today of a secret that they have been keeping from the general public for as long as they have known. The government fears that beings simply called "others" are walking among us, like ticking time bombs ready to harm anyone that is not like them. The president informed the public that as of today anyone who is considered an other will be marked in an open space on their body to allow for all of us to know who they are, so that we can make conclusions about them. We as a people have the right to know who these so called "others" are and what they were capable of. The president told the people today and as long as the others cooperate with the government, this transition should ease into effect starting this week. The American people will then decide if they want anything to do with these creatures."



Nastia frowned and turned away from the tv. She watched as those still on the street went about their normal business and absently wondered if they could see it in her. If they could see that she had the touch of death, or tell that the woman down the street could change into a wolf at a moments notice. She had always been able to tell who was human and who wasn't. She also knew that humans didn't have the heightened senses that she had but it still made her worry that they could still see the real her.

"Hey you crazy bitch get outta the street," an angry male voice yelled to her. She had been so lost in her own thoughts that she didn't even realize she had wandered into the middle of the street. Her black eyes looked into the man's, and in his eyes she saw fear.



# Five Cents for Liberation

DAN ZIMMER

We were in a summer paradise. We, being my mother and myself, were in one of the many outdoor bazars on some French colony island in the Caribbean. Midday had settled in and even the locals could not seem to find shelter from the hot, nasty, sweaty sun. Exhaustion showed in their faces and even more in the sun bathed bronzed skin tourists that had arrived early in the morning off the giant floating city of their cruise ship. My mother had lead me to find some source of shade in the outdoor market but my thoughts traveled to the real reason. Like any woman, she was put on earth to do two actions: make babies (hence I came out) and spend money. Shopping is a simple task for men: Get in, grab the desired item, and get out. To a woman, spending money on foreign objects and imports is like fishing without a hook. It is perhaps the most difficult scene man has ever witnessed.

She had presented me with one of my favorite games though to make up for it. Men can stand the act of shopping with their mothers, spouses, and girlfriends because of this one game. The game has no name but is known universally by men of all races and colors. She started it with a pair of earrings, a bright red one made from some ruby mined from the local hills and the other? Well, who cared? She held up one of the bright red earrings to her left ear and one other earring to her right ear. Her words were a blessing, and the sweat on my brow seemed to evaporate away as they left her lips, "Dan, these," she exposed a pair, twisted to the other side, "or these?" How long could I make this interpretive earring dance last?

My face strained, begging my facial expressions to not give it away. Delighted, my answer came out cool and smoothly. "I'm not sure...um. Show me again." Like a mindless zombie she swung back and forth, and each time asked for my opinion.

The game lasted for five minutes, five minutes where the uncomforted feeling inside me that I had been wasting a week on the sea for my grandparent's fiftieth wedding anniversary had been totally forgotten. Grateful? How could I be grateful? These were no ordinary, warm, cookie baking, sweater knitting grandparents. These grandparents were lucky if they knew my name and they had not remembered my birthday since the fifth grade. Every family always has one side of the family that is just not what it should be. This side of the family was unfortunately the side I was cruising with and were the last side of the family I wanted to cruise with. Oh, the terrible nightmares this family has given me. One of the nightmares on this family vacation was the image of myself upon the top of a sinking ship after magically hitting an iceberg in the warm ocean of the Gulf of Mexico. Late that night as I awoke from the latest nightmare I had to stop and think whether this was really the real world or the



beginning of a new nightmare?

It was not only my family who made me want to throw myself overboard, but every family was doing it. There were old married couples everywhere, some of which probably couldn't even remember if they even were married because they were so old. There were also the new lovers fresh in love and so in love they would never, ever forget they were married. Please, I constantly had to gag myself from the scenes. These young couples will learn, just give them until the end of the week. I felt abandoned. How ironic. I was ship wrecked on a ship because there was no one my age to laugh at the situation with me.

These five minuets had masked this cruise and brought me some form of normalcy. My eyes slyly glanced at my worn out leather watch to see that I was coming close to my personal best, a whole five minutes and 45 seconds and closing in on six minuets. Then it hit me. Our devious plan to sleep in and evade our in laws for the day may not have worked at all. The gut feeling which went off whenever one of the family members was close had gone off. My bright blue eyes darted this way and that but nothing out of the ordinary showed itself. The bright colored stringy strands and shiny pots and pans gave me no clue, or did they? My neck jerked to the right on instincts and glared deeply into the hand mirror some big husky English accented man was trying to barter down the price of. My gut feeling still proved operational and had not let me down this time. She reflected in the mirror and was right behind me, my Aunt Mary.

Aunt Mary is the most pessimistic person in the history of the world. One of my secret theories include the idea that Aunt Mary hated hating everything so she hated hating. Lord behold the airlines were the first to stick a knife in my back this trip. I do not know how they do it, but they always know whose luggage to lose and lose theirs. Damn, they are so consistent. Hers, they lost hers. Her eye slits were half closed always and made her look so much angrier, if it were even possible. Her head hung at a perfect 45 degrees downwards so when she walked steam could flow out of her ears easily. This was the first day my mother and I had been able to escape the jail cell of the boat deck and get away from the horrid creatures we called family and I was determined to keep the day exclusively to us.

My son instincts went off to defend my mother as well as to save my own hide. My sweat poured out quickly and adrenaline pumped through my veins. Nothing was going to stop my escape plan. The palm of my hand grabbed my mother by the wrist but if she panicked and made a scene Aunt Mary would smell the fear. We still had a chance because she had not laid eyes on us yet. Things had to hurry along. I did my best to hurry my mother and her dumb earrings along. My smart ass voice came in and helped, "Mother we're on vacation, why not get them both?" Her smile blinded my eyes and before I recovered she was already half way through the transaction.

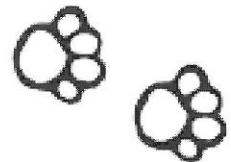
When the plastic bag was in her sweaty hands, we were off and she was still just as clueless as before. I did not tell her of the impending danger. She started turning left but my devil aunt was chomping at the bit for us to make that mistake. My pointer finger forced her the other way, "Hey, check this out." The burden of hiding the location of my aunt from my mother was going to make things difficult so like any sensible survivor my option



was to seek help from the wise. Two brains are better than one, no matter how much I felt my mother lacked one. We would have to work together. My mouth closed in on her ear and whispered, "Don't be alarmed, but we're being watched," Immediately she looked at me concerned, "aunt Mary is here." She looked at me even more concerned now and started to look up to see where the beast was, "No." If their eyes met we were done for, "She's to your left. Do not look up, she'll know we know."

My mother now knew the problem too but now what were we to do? Tents, trinkets, and every other dumb souvenirs a tourist would get sucked into buying stood in our way. The bazaar had a dead end and we were trapped. Aunt Mary waited at the opening. Cornered and trapped like rats we could do nothing but wait for our soon to be death. This is where I met a just and loving god. Magically the heavens rained down upon us, Aunt Mary showed interest in something on a display table and my mother's eyes caught mine and mine caught hers. We both did what we were thinking and acted instantly. We ran right past her and scrambled down alleyway after alleyway, hoping she would never catch us, until we hit some run down, scummy bus stop and a ride that cost a nickel.

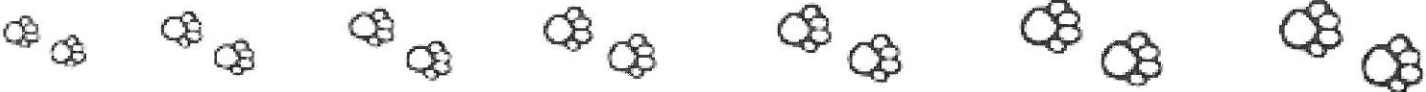
Humans find such joy in the simplest of things, the first cut in a new sheet of construction paper, the first bite into a new bag of potato chips, or a cheap pair of tropical earrings. Mine was a measly five cents. The chance to get away from that family and save myself from insanity was a nickel. The angel of Thomas Jefferson smiles down upon me. He has since then watched over me like a guardian angel at every Thanksgiving, Christmas, or any other family gathering in between. He can be assured that when the next family comes around, my pockets will be full of change to remind them to just get away.



# Grandmother's Tea

ANONYMOUS

The sugar cubes made an awful sound dropping into grandmother's tea.  
I'm not sure she noticed the plopping since her eyes were trained on me.  
"To what do I owe this visit?" she asked, voice full of cool perception.  
"Well, it's just been too long," I tried to respond without losing momentum.  
"Indeed," she replied with a hint of a smile, "Far too long, my dear."  
I scanned the kitchen quickly, my eyes landing on a mirror.  
It was obviously antique, and looked quite costly  
But I hadn't a plan if grandmother caught me.  
In a few minutes, the oven's buzzer would call.  
I'd inhale fresh rolls as I'd grab the mirror from the wall  
Run it out to my truck, then return, undetected  
I'd have an excuse to leave before she'd suspect it.  
"Urgent phone call, must leave,  
Another time, forgive me."  
I'd be downtown before she'd even begun—  
When did my grandmother pick up a gun?  
"I know what you're thinking, so don't even try.  
Did you think you could steal without catching my eye?  
Boy, you have changed, I had thought you more clever  
This is a bad path, stop this endeavor."  
Still holding the gun, she took a sip of her tea  
Then looked my direction expectantly  
I stood up to leave, and walked towards the door,  
My eyes barely reaching above the floor.  
I glanced back once more, in a sort of apology  
But she simply said, "Come back and visit me  
When you have more time. Drive safe, and good luck."  
And that was that. I drove home in my truck.  
Sometimes I wonder if it really happened. Did she  
Pick up that gun, what was in that tea?  
I haven't a clue, and I don't really want to.  
Maybe it'd be better if I never knew.





# I Love Rock' n' Roll

KAYLEE HOFMEISTER  
PHOTOGRAPHY



# Red Pens

ELIZABETH GRAY

Red Pens

I hate them.

They take in nothing but

the words on the page

Not the sweat, blood, tears

Grades in red ink for

my soul poured out on paper

F this



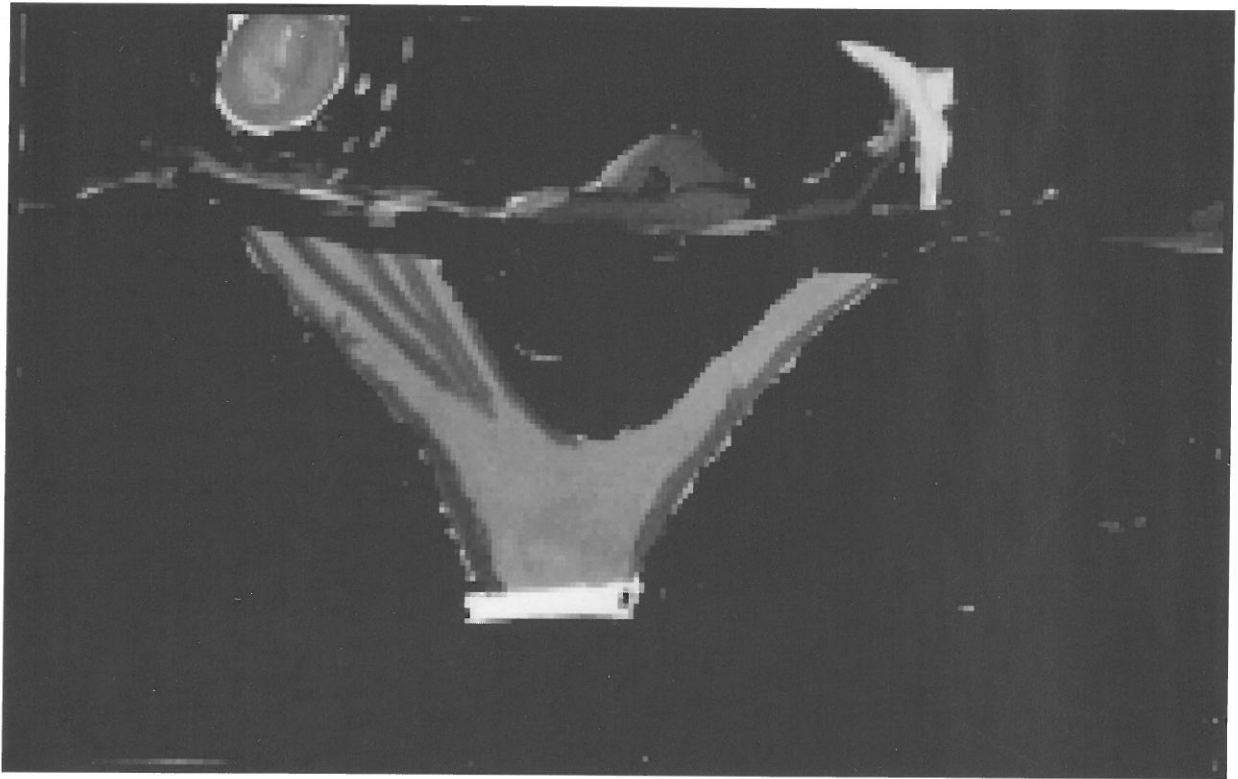
# Untitled

RYAN PRESTON  
STONEWARE BOWL



# Scale and Proportion

TOPAZ PETTIGREW  
ACRYLIC ON PAPER



# When JD Came to Town

CARLA LUZADDER

A man came to town just the other day.  
He came from a place unique and far away.  
To meet this man came many others,  
Husbands, wives, sisters, brothers.  
From the very young to the very old,  
They braved the crowds and the frigid cold.  
It wasn't President Bush they came to see,  
Or an American Idol, as seen on TV.  
It wasn't a Clinton or even the Pope.  
But they all came with only the hope  
Of catching a glimpse of their shining star.  
They came from near, they came from far  
To see the trucks, the crews, the antique cars,  
And the famous and not-so-famous stars.  
Michael Mann came to film "Public Enemies,"  
About the Depression-era crime spree.  
He focused on Public Enemy Number One,  
John Dillinger Sr.'s only son, John.  
On the night of March 3rd, 1934,  
He took the sheriff's brand new Ford,  
And escaped from the old Lake County Jail  
With his homemade gun, or so goes the tale.

This Indiana town will never be the same.  
For hours they stood and chanted his name.  
To the unknowing viewer it was quite the sight  
To see the crowds wait well into the night.  
It's a quaint little town they call Crown Point,  
Just your average town, but not tonight.



The screams, the cheers, the occasional tears,  
The answer to many a young girl's prayers.  
In the end, when the shooting was through,  
Mr. Johnny Depp knew just what to do.  
He waved and smiled, held their trembling hands,  
This famous man from exotic lands  
Took time away from his personal plans  
To spend some time with his adoring fans.  
Some say this film puts the town back on the map.  
Some say they were happy to hear "That's a wrap!"  
Goodbye to the trailers, the fake cobblestone,  
Black Expeditions and trucks that make snow.  
J.D. is only human, like you and me,  
But if he comes back, I know where I'll be!



# Lost Star

CHRISTINA HEATH

There once was a girl who was decent looking and had a life of tragedies no one knew of, nor ever would. This girl was not very tall and not very thin. She had blue eyes like the ocean and dirty blonde hair she always swore was brown because she hated the thought of being another dumb blonde. She had some intelligence and was told she had a gift for writing. She had yet to believe either of these accusations.

This girl seemed very happy most of the time, yet inside was dying slowly because of herself and no one knew. Her past was something no one cared to know or discuss for fear of the repercussion that came with bringing it up. The look in her eyes, the pain that traveled down her body like a noticeable chill, and the way she would look away fighting back all these emotions consuming her soul. Though not many knew the whole story. They knew parts that she let them know parts that didn't kill or parts where she could control how much of the truth anyone really knew. There are a lot of things in life we like to think we know, but we really have no idea because we are not caring enough to stop and get out of the car to live and watch.

Letting go of her past was hard when it resulted in her slow death. Her step father was not a lovely or loving man. His hands found parts of her no father's should ever find. When it came to other parts of his body, they did the same as his hands. He let his cancer devour her slowly, while neither of them knew. His cancer that did not effect him was killing her but she did not know this until it was to late.

She learned of the disease her body held when she was 17 years young. As many young girls would, she ran to her friends with the pain of unwanted knowledge. There was nothing anyone could do but the friendship and comfort helped. It made this dream feel like it had never happened.

Soon she came to meet a boy who fell in love with her. Like wise she fell in love with him and they were infatuated with each others presence. He was her companion, friend, lover, trustee, and rock. Words flowed from her to him with ease and there were no worries about his thoughts against her because there were none.

Pain became worse, shooting through every movement and thought. She was in pain mentally and physically. She kept a smile on her face though. As the pain got worse, her happiness seemed to get better. What many did not know was that all the happiness was a mask. One day she had taken parts and pages from books, cutting and gluing them all together to show the world. To hide what she really felt, what she really knew.

On those nights when pain and fever would wake her, she would go outside. She stepped quietly through the sliding door so to not wake her mother. Laying in the grass, she looked up at the stars, counting, and trying to





find some relief or hope in the unknown. She would try to harvest the energy the stars beauty gave her soul and make everything all better. Her hope was that stars were something more than just decoration to distract us from the blackness consuming everything.

She began to tell her friends that she was going to be with her boyfriend or at work at night so she could not hang out. She would lie to keep them safe from the pain she bore, but did not want others to know. Her friends began to get mad and consider her a stuck up bitch. They did not notice how tired or sick she was, and they did not know on most of those nights she was getting treatment for cancer. This secret she held from everyone, even her own mother. Then one day, all of a sudden, she quit going to treatment. Her hair began falling out, showing the sign of her participation.

The pain began to grow worse, running into her organs. The doctors had no answers until one came forth informing her that her liver was enlarged. The rest of her organs would be soon to follow, or a heart condition was causing the pain and enlargement. This did not worry her, until a friend told her of a death

The boy would have been 22 now, but was 10 when he passed. He was young, lively, and this woman's grandson. His liver had enlarged, and two weeks later his death followed because his mother had done nothing to help this poor boy.

Knowing how serious her condition was getting, depression began to set in more. She stopped talking to most people, even her love who had been by her side for 9 months. He was the one who had made her go to the doctor when he noted the pain getting worse and her not able to get out of bed at night. She stood on a pedestal, alone and in the dark. Abandoned because she would not let people know.

After many tests, the doctors told her there was really nothing more they could do but wait and see what was to come. Waiting is a game of destruction. It can heal or kill you, but either way it withers your hope and soul.

One night in complete desperation, after fighting with her boyfriend, she went out to look at the stars. She needed healing, comfort, trust, and a little something to hold on to. She tried one last time to count all the stars. When doing this, your eyes can play tricks on you and you can never count all that you see. A thought passed her mind, reminding her of a movie she once saw. When we die, do we become a part of the stars? What if you were a bad person? What if you held secrets and lied to protect the people you loved most?

Because of a swelling liver, and the rest of her body functions and organ slowly coming to a stop, she knew death would summon her soon. Maybe in the next year or maybe two or maybe even five, but it was going to happen. The future could never be planned out.

She stepped back inside to take some pain medication because at this point, standing was almost impossible. She took the full bottle and glass of water outside with her. She decided it might not hurt so much under the only comfort she had ever known. They were the only friend that never truly left, and were just sometimes covered by clouds. Taking her medication, she fell asleep under the stars.



The next morning her mother looked for her every-where. Her bedroom was empty and so was the bathroom. She was not talking to her little sister and she was not sitting in the kitchen drinking coffee. Noticing the sliding door had not been locked, her mother went outside to the back-yard. There she found her daughter. "I don't know what you were thinking, but it is time to get up and get ready for school. What in the world made you sleep out here?" her mother asked.

Stepping closer she saw an empty bottle, a piece of paper, a blue tent, and no breathing. Not believing her eyes, she read the note. "I lost the star"

What her mother would never understand was that she finally got what was coming to her out of fate or fairness in this world. She was a lost star.



# Maria

CHRISTINA WALTER  
ADOBE ILLUSTRATOR



# Matt

MORGAN MYERS  
ADOBE ILLUSTRATOR



# How to Become a Lesbian

MARIJA KASLEY

"When I was in high school I had a couple friends who were lesbians. And I told myself that I'd never become one. I mean, I was completely straight. Guys were attractive to me, especially the head soccer player. He wasn't the most physically attractive fellow, but he was nice to me and I had the biggest crush on him. But that's beside the point. I went all four years without realizing my latent tendencies. I mean, I was like every other straight girl. I admitted that other women were attractive, but I wasn't sexually attracted to them.

"Anyway, it wasn't until college that I began to realize perhaps I wasn't quite as straight as I'd previously thought. There was a girl, Charon, with whom I became close friends. She told just about everyone that she was bisexual. Charon was probably the most open person I've ever known when it came to her sexuality. She didn't hide anything and she told people if they asked her. There was no shame in her at all." Bridget gave a self-conscious laugh. "Sometimes I wish I could be like her. Regardless of her openness and my staunch contention of straightness, I found myself thinking differently about Charon. At first it didn't go beyond the 'wow, she's really pretty' stage. Eventually, I began to think that she was incredibly attractive and I wondered what it would be like to kiss her.

"I think she picked up on it. The day after my nineteenth birthday she knocked on my door. We lived in the same dorm, so it was really easy for her to find me. Well, I let her in and closed the door. We were both girls, so there was no need to keep the door open. Anyway, she looked at me and said 'Bridget, there's no easy way to approach this. You know that I'm bisexual. I think you're beautiful. And I've seen how you've been looking at me.' She took a step toward me and put her hand on my cheek. 'I know you say you're straight, but I think you should open yourself to the possibilities. This is college. Explore a bit.' Her hand was soft, warm, slightly damp."

Bridget continued, voice quavering slightly, and dropped her hand back to her lap. "I was breathing shallowly, smelling her perfume. It was something light and floral. I looked into her eyes and, plain as day, said, 'I've been wondering about myself since I really got to know you. Please help me figure things out. I'm so confused.' Charon smiled slightly and leaned in, pressing her lips against mine. It was a chaste kiss, soft and kinda sweet. Her lips were soft and warm, not at all like I'd expected. It was a completely different experience than being kissed by a man. All in all, it was completely unexpected and it nearly knocked me off my feet. Tina, I don't think I need to describe my feelings to you at that moment. I didn't realize I was a lesbian at that point, just that I was at the very least bisexual.

"Needless to say, Charon was my first girlfriend. My roommate was practically nonexistent, so we pretty much began living together. She didn't move her things into the room, but she did stay the night several times.



We didn't actually make love for over 4 months, though everyone assumed we did. Instead, we just lay there at night and cuddled, telling each other stories from our lives. In many ways, she knows as much about me as I do. She knows things I've only begun to tell you. We were together for a year. We'd probably have gone out longer, but she was a senior and so she graduated. That, and she got a job in her native state of Alaska being a teacher. There was no way I'd be able to visit her and neither of us wanted a long-distance relationship. Throughout our relationship I never once thought I'd be a lesbian. I still looked at men and thought they were attractive.

"There was a guy in my group of friends, Jason, who had a massive crush on me. I could see it in the way he looked at me and spoke to me. It was an open secret and sometimes my other friends would tease him about it. Well, one night, after a dance he pulled me aside. Know that he was always a perfect gentleman to me. And I thought he was a sweet guy, but I wasn't sure if I wanted to date him. He wrung his hands a bit nervously, then took me by the shoulders and leaned down to kiss me gently. I don't know why it was different this time, but the kiss just didn't feel right. I found myself wishing it was my friend Michelle who was kissing me instead.

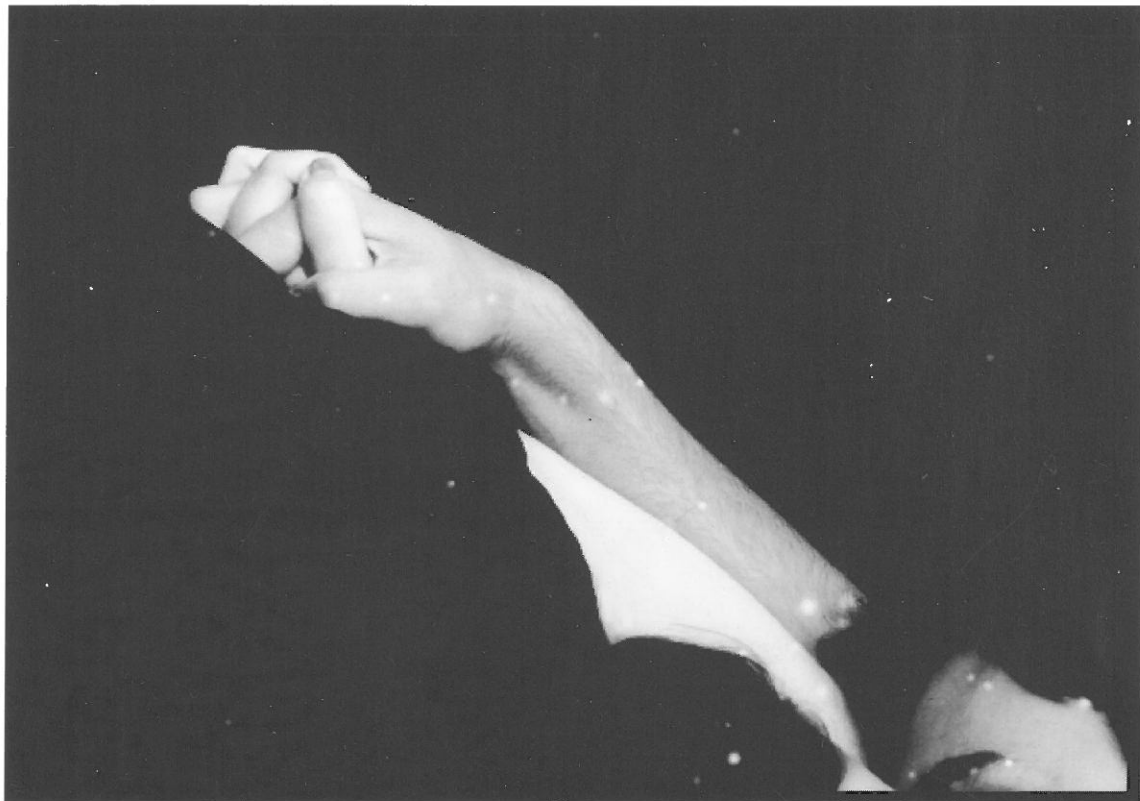
"In that moment, I think I finally realized that I was a lesbian. Well and truly a lesbian, not just bisexual. Jason pulled back and asked me to go out with him. I didn't want to break his heart, but I couldn't do anything else. 'I'm sorry, Jason,' I said. 'I can't go out with you.' He looked crushed and asked me why I wouldn't date him. 'You may find it a dubious honor, but your kiss made me realize that I'm a lesbian.' 'Oh,' he said. Then he turned and walked away, shoulders slumped and feet shuffling. You can't imagine just how terrible I felt. It wouldn't have hurt me to go on a date with him. But that would have given him hope and I just couldn't do that. I had to be truthful with him.

She took a calming breath, clasping her hands together. "When I graduated from college all my friends knew I was a lesbian. I didn't tell my parents, though, because I just didn't feel comfortable enough with my sexuality to do so. Plus, I was worried how they would react. It's a normal enough fear, I suppose. I mean, who wouldn't be afraid to tell their parents something like that? In the time between Charon and my graduation, I only had one other girlfriend. That relationship didn't last very long. It wasn't very healthy. She was really demanding and jealous. I couldn't deal with it, so I broke it off after only a couple months. By that time, I was really focused on getting through with my degree so I didn't have the time or energy for a girlfriend."



# Belle Notte

KAYLEE HOFMEISTER  
PHOTOGRAPHY





# Mom's Kitchen

AMBER SUDING

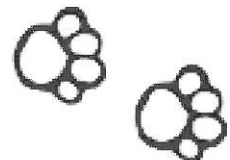
Mom's kitchen isn't just Mom's.  
She spends a lot of time in there but,  
So do my siblings and I.  
And catering to Mommy is Daddy  
Like a king to his queen,  
Daddy helps rule the world in which she cooks.

Then friends and family comes by then everyones in there, at least for a while.  
The kids have a living room with toys, a lot of big chairs, and a couch,  
all the Mommies stay there in her kitchen.

While all the Daddies go outside  
loudly talking and slapping on each others back as their big boots go  
thud, thud, thud out the door  
to Daddy's big camping kitchen.

The Mommies are sitting down at the counter,  
While my Mommy is getting more drinks and herds the kids to the living room.  
Soon the Mommies are busy with the warm chatter of voices,  
talking about what their family's have done and other Mommy things.

All the bigger kids go to the living room  
They start playing card games and talking about things that I don't understand,  
Like why do they need 10 pairs of shoes,  
stuff about cars and something Prom.  
Boring.



I slip away from them and crawl on the cool shiny kitchen floor,  
Until I'm underneath the counter near Mommy's pink fuzzy sock feet.  
I play near her feet.  
Next to the cupboards beneath the counter.

Bump.

Owwie. I think with a pout as I look up to what I'd bumped,  
There is a shiny gold handle in front of my kneeling face.  
Ooo, shiny. I thought all pain forgotten  
Whats inside....

Without thinking my tiny hands reach up to pull open a door,  
Somethings in there but its too dark to see.

The Mommies are too busy talking to notice my adventure  
of the door with the pretty shiny gold handle.

I shuffle back on my knees to open the door all the way.  
The kitchen light fills the inside of the world behind the door.

I found,

Shiny things...

Big round shiny pots and bowls.

All stacked one inside the other, just like the hide a doll inside a doll toy.

But where are their lids?

I poke my head inside to look around. There they are, them in a big pot.

I can't resist touching the smooth shiny surface. As my finger touch the top lid it bumped into another making a  
very soft clang.

FREEZE.

The Mommies are still talking. They didn't hear me.

I reach back to the lids again,

Clang.

I want to do that again with the  
new toys that were now within my grasp. I tug it won't come out.  
With a pout I reached in with both of my hand and begin to pull,  
it still wouldn't move.

Now with a frown of determination on my face I pull even harder  
Eh, ehmuph, come out.



Its moving. One more pull.  
I land on my butt then...

CLATTER! BANG! PING! SLAMSH!

An avalanche of shinny, clanging bowls, pots and the lids,  
all laid to rest at my feet. Then  
sounds of the Mommies jumping and their voices' becoming loud  
and the clatter of chair falling onto the shinny floor.

Wow that was neat. Can I do it again?

That was FUN!

Ooo. I think as I pick up a bowl with a big edge.

Mommy looked down at me as I served the chaos I had made,  
Amber!!

I set the bowl upon my head as I look up with a toothless smile on my face

Seeing Mommy stand above me like Queen Mommy.

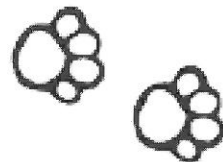
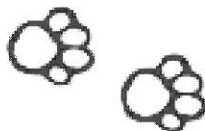
HI Mommy! I chirp waving up

Slid. It all goes dark as the bowl slides down my face.

HA! HA! HAHA!

I push the bowl up with both hands to see Mommy  
and all the other Mommies laughing too.

I smile hold out the bowl and say,  
Play?



# Mary Margaret and Felicity

RYAN PELSY

Once upon a time there was a beautiful young witch who lived on the edge of a little village. Her name was Mary Margaret and her coal-black cat was named Felicity. The villagers came to Mary for her spells and potions; they crept to her house by night, but shunned her by day.

Mary Margaret knew they talked behind her back, but she noticed one spring the talk had turned ugly, and the whispers had grown louder. She feared for her life, for her magic had no power against fear and ignorance. One evening she fled. She held Felicity to her breast. "My precious darling, I must leave you. I must go far away on the wings of the wind, and I cannot take you with me. I will keep you in the eye of my heart". She made a motion with her left hand and Felicity turned to brass. She put Felicity on a little table and ran sobbing into the night.

Mary lived a lonely and unsettled life, without home or friends, but she kept Felicity in her heart's eye. She saw her on a professor's bookshelf; she saw her on a lawyer's desk; she saw her in a child's nursery.

After many years the fear of witches waned. Mary watched as little girls in pointed hats went door-to-door collecting sweets and chocolates. In her heart's eye she saw Felicity in the studio of a concert pianist, and she flew to her on the wings of the wind. Younger and more beautiful than ever, she came to a grand house and passed through the door like smoke. Felicity sat on the piano as though watching the keyboard. Mary Margaret held Felicity to her breast. "My precious darling, we shall not again be parted." She made a motion with her left hand and Felicity's life returned. She yawned and stretched as though she had been asleep. Mary clutched Felicity tightly and together they drifted into the night.



# The People You Meet While Driving

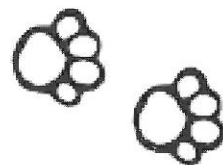
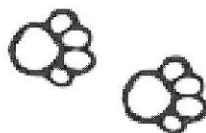
CHRISTINA HEATH

A killer on the road  
With a dream on a backburner  
Emotional transvestite  
Gloating in the misery of self doubt  
Question of stability  
Of the outside world

A hitchhiker on the road  
Looking for some new existence  
Killer masquerade  
Watching as you slow  
To lend a helping hand  
Families will die

A girl on the road  
Torn from constant rape  
Murderous insanity  
A swelling tummy  
With convincing eyes  
She only needs a ride

A soldier on the road  
Coming home for a while  
War derived  
With only a bag and rifle  
Noting the stares as car pass  
Rifle loading waiting for a stop



A ghost on the road  
Tormented by personal judgment  
Unidentified spirit  
Wanting to find a friend  
Looking for suicide  
You have found your end



# Clay Bead Necklace

AMBER SUDING  
CLAY



# Seduced by Dessert

JENNIFER RUFF

And here I stand for you to love,  
a pastry sent from up above.  
And yet you say you can't indulge,  
due to your battle with the bulge.  
Yet I am here for your delight  
and I expect you'll do what's right

Just look at me and think of this  
of many treats I know you miss  
of frosting that's so dark and rich  
or filling that can make you twitch.  
or sprinkles that are so divine  
they send a chill right up your spine.

I know you can not live without  
The taste I have that makes you shout  
So quit what's keeping you in chains  
and finally give in to the pains  
I know you dream to be so thin  
But leaving me can be a sin





# In a World of Make Believe

MELISSA KLAHN

Lying to myself was the simple thing.  
It was easy to plaster on a fake smile,  
Especially when others seemed to be watching me.  
It was at those times,  
When I would play make believe with myself.  
Pretending for the sake of everyone around me,  
So that they would all assumed that my life was normal.

In reality it was never quite that simple.  
Sometimes I couldn't be perfect,  
But then again who ever is?  
I liked pretending.  
It brought back the childhood,  
That I wished I still had.

In the end all of my falisities made it easier to believe,  
That someday in my world everything would be ok for me.



# My Evil Enemy

JENNIFER RUFF

I'm only four  
but someone hates me.

I have an enemy  
who likes to hurt me  
and cause me pain.

His name is Luke,  
Luke Mia.  
He sent me to the hospital  
and made doctors poke me with needles

He is making me take some icky medicine  
one that is making me loose my hair  
and another is making me hungry all the time  
and is making my cheeks chubby.

I don't like Luke!  
He is not a nice person!

But what he doesn't know  
is that I am a power ranger,  
and I am very powerful!  
I can kick Luke Mia's butt!  
If only I could find him!



# Space Invaderz

ANDREW DUDICH

They're comin' down  
Comin' down  
Cause they're the space invaders  
They're intergalactic haters  
Their blastin's leaving craters  
In my safety bunker  
I'm about to junk her  
Cause I can no longer hunker  
Down  
Cause down come the space invaders  
They're cosmic instigators  
Wish they were all traitors  
For they'd target each other  
Blow up their brother  
Instead of me takin' cover

They're comin' down  
Comin' down  
Cause they're the space invaders  
They're inter-dimensional raiders  
8-bit pixel crusaders  
Bent on planetary conquest  
Bombarding me without rest  
But I'll make them wish they never messed  
With me.



# Diego

SAM SCHOENHAAR  
ADOBE ILLUSTRATOR



# Hello Hawaii

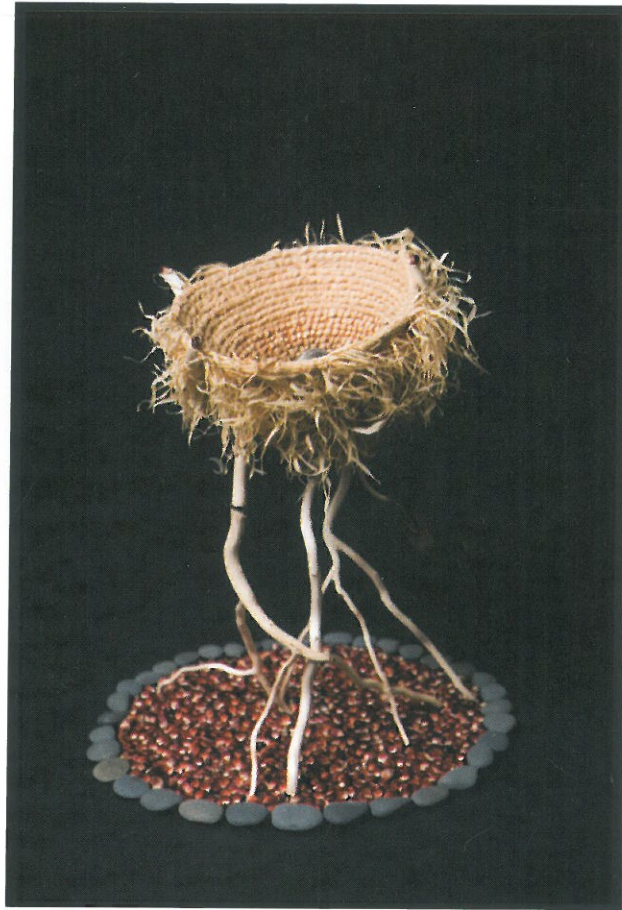
ERIKA LYNN ROWSHAN  
PHOTOGRAPHY



# Harvest Dance

BONNIE ZIMMER

14" X 12" X 12" CORN HUSKS, WILLOW, LINEN CORD,  
BEADS, PEBBLES, FEATHERS, CORN, ROCKS





# Transcendence

STEPHANIE SONDERMAN  
ACRYLIC ON CANVAS



# Remnants of an Old Bridge

LISA SUDING  
OIL ON CANVAS





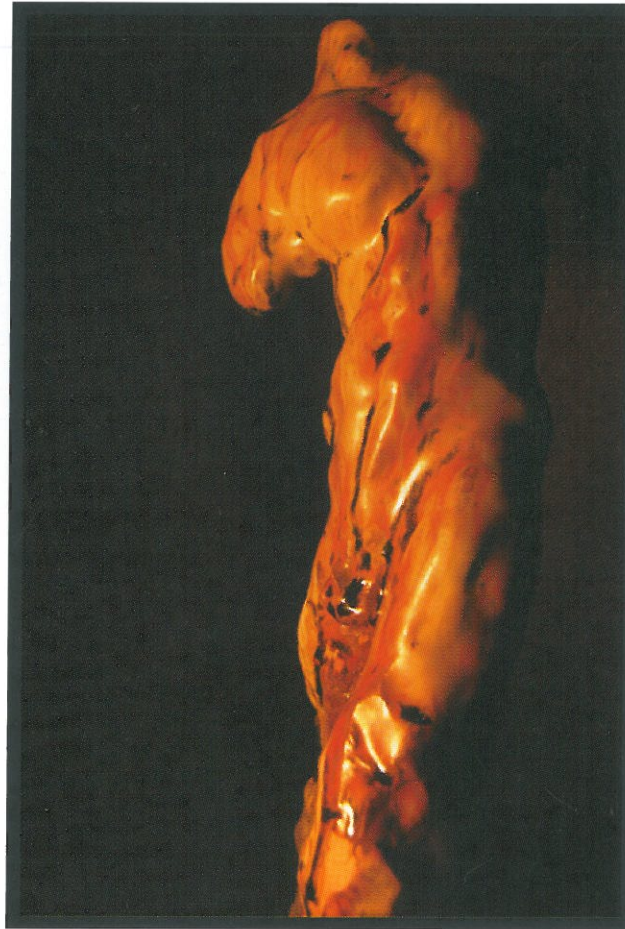
# Robin's Egg Exaggerated

BRITTANY COOPER  
ACRYLIC ON PAPER



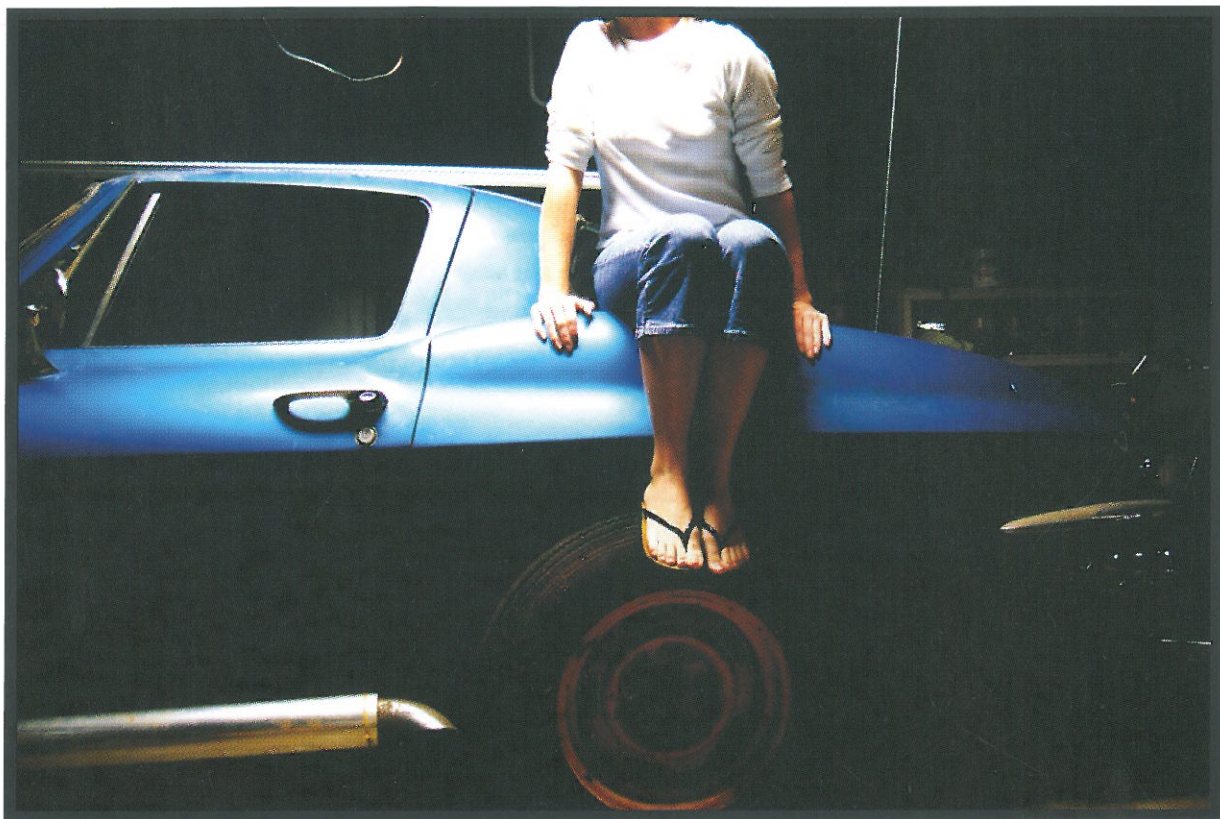
# Male Torso

MICHAEL CROWTHERS  
FIRED CLAY



# What A Good Man Leaves Behind

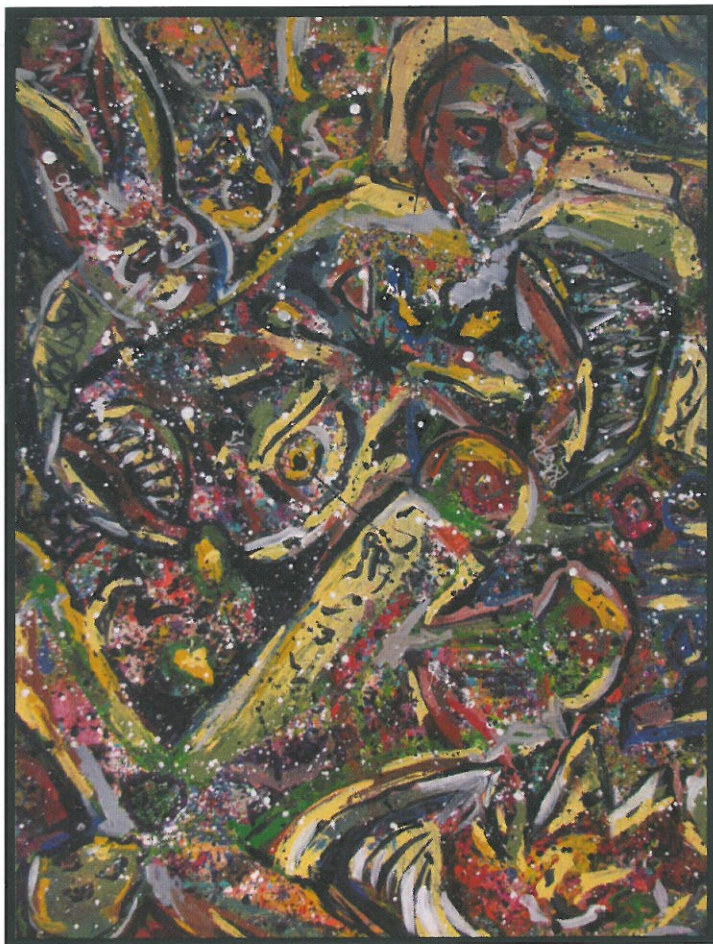
KATHLEEN GRADY  
PHOTOGRAPHY





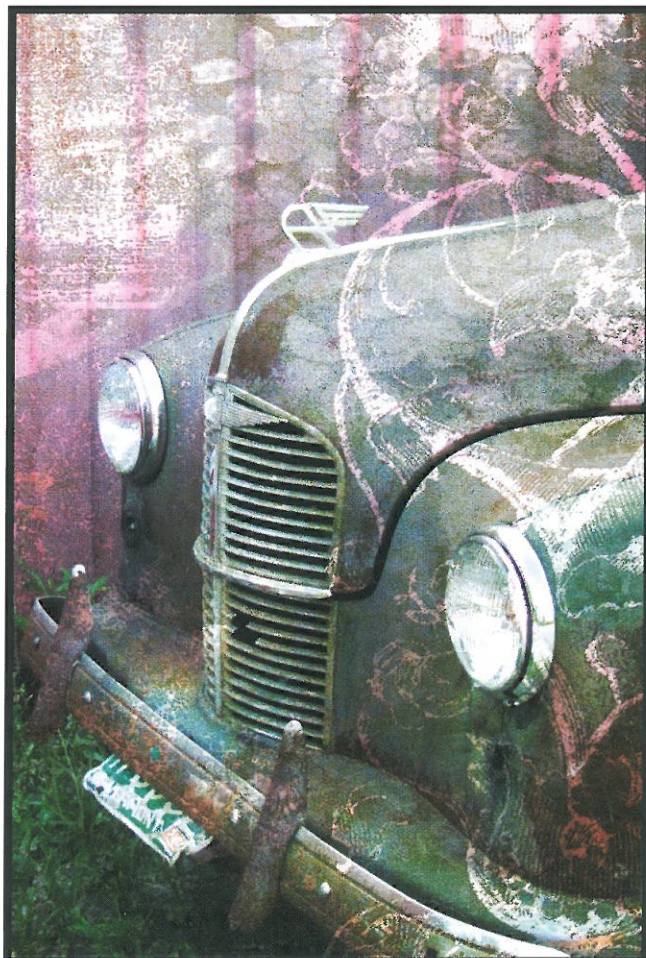
# When It All Comes Together

RYAN PRESTON, JESSIE MCBROOM, LISA SUDING  
OIL ON CANVAS



# Vermont

ANDREW DUDICH  
PHOTOGRAPHY- PHOTO MANIPULATION



# William Tell

DANIELLE MARSHALL

I have a clutch of screwdrivers here,  
Waiting and ready,  
To fly through the air,  
Toward the wall you are tied.  
My aim is bad,  
But I'll try this anyway.  
That apple on your head,  
Will be my target,  
At least that's what I'll tell you.  
If anything else is hit,  
I'll try again and again.  
This game of darts works well,  
When my target can't move.  
You better hope my aim is true,  
So your suffering will be short-lived,  
But I give you no guarantees.  
My darling, William Tell,  
An eye for an eye,  
Or rather, a screw for a screw.  
I hope you don't think,  
That blindfold will keep you safe.



# Burning Memories

DANIELLE MARSHALL

I'm walking in quietly,  
Muting the sound of the door closing,  
As I'm trying not to wake you.  
But what I'm about to do,  
Contradicts these little precautions.  
All these neat objects,  
That serve as a reminder of our life together,  
Sicken me.  
I placed them up  
To show you that our life was real.  
Now, with you lying there in our bed,  
I will tear apart this lie.  
The tender touch that hung this picture,  
Has been replaced by an iron fist,  
Cracked glass resting in shattered pieces on the ground.  
Glancing over at you,  
I see you haven't stirred.  
Fingers claw into the lace curtains,  
Ripping them from the window.  
You are a sound sleeper,  
It will take all I have to deconstruct the memory of us.  
I shove the television set to the floor.  
The crack and sizzle of electricity,  
Is still not enough to waken you.  
I throw open the drawers in the dresser,  
And all the contents within.  
The closet ends the same,



And the dresser top is next,  
With all our pictures,  
Now shattered on the floor.  
I see you jolt in bed,  
Not yet my boy.  
I find the cord of your alarm,  
And yank it from the wall  
In such a way that everything,  
Comes crashing to the floor.  
Now you have startled completely awake,  
As I pour the acrid smelling water on our bed,  
Soaking it into the area all around you.  
You cough and sputter,  
Tasting the liquid.  
You try to ask me what I am doing,  
But nothing you say will stop me now.  
I pull a match out of my pocket.  
Your eyes widen and you scream,  
Only in time for the lit match,  
To engulf you in an inferno of our former passion.  
I look back only long enough,  
To see you reach out for me.





# Cosmic Blossom

JESSIE MCBROOM  
OIL ON CANVAS



# Split Personality

MATT HARMON  
INK, PAINT, AND PASTEL ON PAPER



# Four Views of Guitars

MARTINA MANNS  
ACRYLIC



# Slow Dancing

ELYSSE HILLYER

"Okay, I know you told me you knew how to slow dance already, but I think we better check before we move on to fast dancing. It's for your own good, you know," she said.

The two friends stood in a busy city square facing each other. A light breeze tousled his hair and tugged at her summer dress.

"All right, put your hands on my waist," she commanded.

He placed his hands carefully on her waist as she draped her hands lightly on his shoulders.

"No music?" he asked with a grin.

"Nope, I'm just going to sing for you," she said, returning his smile.

"So this is how you slow dance with someone you don't really want to dance with, but do out of boredom, or niceness because you feel bad turning them down. Your friend, some random girl, whoever. Stand as far apart as possible, avoid eye contact, chat casually about other dancers, and spin faster than the tempo dictates out of nervousness."

They began to revolve in a small circle as she started to sing in a clear voice.

"I don't wanna close my eyes, I don't wanna fall asleep cause I'd miss you baby, and I don't wanna miss a thing. Even when I dream of you, the sweetest dream will never do, I'd still miss you baby, I don't wanna miss a thing."

They purposely avoided each others' eyes and laughed when the awkward dance ended. A few people walking by stared, but the two didn't pay attention to the people going by.

"Aerosmith eh?" he said, amused.

"Yeah, people dance to that song all the time. If you danced more, you'd know," she replied, teasing.

"So do I pass?" he asked. She nodded.

"Now what?" he inquired.



“Now I’ll teach you how to dance with someone you really love,” she replied, her eyes sparkling.

She pulled his arms tighter around her waist, then clasped her arms around his neck. She leaned in and put her head against his shoulder.

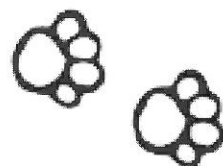
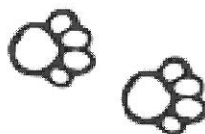
“You close your eyes, hold each other tight as if gravity is failing, and barely move at all,” she said softly. She began to sing slowly.

“Wise men say only fools rush in, but I can’t help falling in love with you. Shall I stay, would it be a sin if I can’t help falling in love with you?”

The song ended, but this time neither of them moved apart.

“Do I have to learn how to fast dance now?” he whispered in her ear.

She smiled and held him tighter as the people walked by, giving the couple only a passing glance.



# Suffering for the One You Love

MELISSA KLAHN

I like to watch you suffer.  
When you are in pain I feel pleasure.  
And when you are crying I laugh.  
I like to watch you suffer,  
Because in a way it's like getting you back;  
For all of those times you treated me like nothing.

I can't remember the day that your sneering smile faded  
Or when I was laughing instead of you.  
But the simplest pleasure is received in knowing,  
All of the pain that you are presently going through.

The truest satisfaction in all of this,  
Is knowing that your pain is caused by me.  
And the simple fact that you are deserving of every bit of your suffering.



# Camouflage

SHANNON RENEE WILLIAMS  
PHOTOGRAPHY





MEASURE

